THE

GOODMAN

OF

Auchtermouchtie:

OR, THE

Goodwife turn'd Goodman.

BEING

A merry Account how the Good-man was fitted to his Mind.

Entered according to Order.

The Good-Man of Auchtermouchtie; Or, the Good-Wife turn'd Good-Man. Being a merry Account how the Good-Man was fitted to his mind.

Tune—Willie was a Wanton Wag.

IN Auchtermouchtie liv'd a man,
if a' be true that I heard ſay,
Who yok'd his pleugh upon the plain,
upon a wet and windy day.

The wind blew cauld which did him ſlay,
from the north-eaſt baith hail & rain,
He lous'd his pleugh, he dought not ſtay,
the cauld did chaſe him hame again.

Good-wife, quoth he, riſe up amain,
and gi'e the ſtots baith corn and hay,
The morn ye ſhall my trouble ken:
and I'ſe be good-wife as I may.

Ye've dwelt fou lown this mony a day,
about the fire ye ſit right glad,
To-morrow ye ſhall try the way,
and learn yourſelf the pleugh to haud.

The ſeed-time it proves cauld and bad,
and ye ſit warm, nae trouble ſees;
The morn ye ſhall paſs with the lad,
and then ye'll ken what drinkers drees.

Good-man, quoth ſhe, if it you pleaſe,
that I muſt travel to the pleugh;
And you to dwell at home at eaſe,
perhaps you may get toil enough.

Jock, dare we venture weſt the Cleugh,
and thou ſhalt haud and I ſhall ca,
I ſhall reward thee well enough,
of fine cravats I'll gi'e thee twa.

Good-man ſince ye ha'e made this law,
then guide a' well and do not break,
They rode ſicker that ne'er did fa',
therefore let nothing be neglect.

Since with my trade ye are affected,
ſee firſt ye ſift and then ye kned,
Let all things rightly be directed,
keep well the gaſlins from the gled.

And ſee the bairns fyle not the bed,
and kirn the kirn and mak the cheeſe,
And if you occupy your trade,
I trow you ſhall find little eaſe.

She ſat up late her mind to pleaſe,
for to her trade ſhe had a care,
She kirn'd the kirn, ſhe bor'd his neeſe,
no rigmari ſhe left him there.

Upon the morn ſhe raiſe up air,
and on her liver laid her disjoon,
As meikle in her lap, and mair,
as wad a ſerv'd four men at noon.

Then on ſhe goes with merry tone,
away with Jock to yoke the pleugh,
I trow e'er all the play be done;
that our good-man got toil enough.

The carling ſhe was ſtrang and teugh,
and of her trade ſhe took nae fear,
But from a tree ſhe pull'd a beugh,
and ſtoutly made the ſtots to ſteer.

Then our good-man when time drew near,
got up for to go try the ſpinning,
His ſpindle fell, all ran arear,
alas! he got an ill beginning.

I wat na whether yarn or linning,
was on the rock, or lint or tow,
But round about the fire rinning,
I wat his rocks head took a low,

And up into the lumb did flow,
the ſoot took fire it flied him then,
Some lumps did fa' and burn'd his pow,
I wat he was a pretty man.

Yet he got water in a pan,
wherewith he ſlock'ned out the fire;
To ſweep the houſe he then began,
to ha'd a' right was his deſire.

He fetcht the kirn ben frae the byre,
whereat he wrought until he ſwat;
But ſhould he plunge until he tyre,
he little or no butter gat.

Then on the fire he hang the pat,
and with twa ſtoups ran to the ſpout,
Or ever he came back I wat,
the new pat bottom was burnt out.

Next all the bairns rair'd in a rout,
he thought to catch them all up clean,
The firſt he gat his arms about,
was a' bedirten to the een.

Alas! quoth he, what did I mean,
at firſt to tak this wark in hand,
I think I have bewitched been,
then fyled blankets all he fand.

Then forth to waſh them in the ſtrand,
and for to poſs them on a ſtane;
A ruſh of flood came frae the land,
and down the water hath them tane.

By that time ky and calves ilk ane
did meet, the goodman ran to red,
The brandit cow, thief break her bane,
did bore his buttocks till they bled.

I trow he thought he was ill ſtead,
the gaſlins wander'd far awa',
And by them came the greedy gled,
ſhe took up three and left but twa.

Theſe poor beaſts paid the ſkaith for a',
the tow he gave her little thank,
Drew o'er the kirn with her fore pa,
and ay ſhe winked and ſhe drank.

He took the kirn-ſtaff by the ſhank,
wherewith to reach the ſow a rout,
The twa poor gaſlens got a clank,
for their brains he chapped out.

Then pull'd he th' auld ſow by the ſnout,
and with the kirn-ſtaff on the back,
He did her hit a right ſound rout,
till o'er her ribs the ſhank play'd crack.

Had you been there to ſee that knack,
you would have laught to ſee the ſport,
The ſow his finger gave a ſnack,
with her ſharp tuſks ſhe made it ſhort.

Then he began to rove athort,
for of his trade he then did tyre,
Great beetings to the kiln did ſet,
while all the ribs were on a fire.

Up through the corn it did aſpire,
and to the roof it took the way,
Wae's me, quoth he, a dear kiln hyre,
alas! that e'er I ſaw this day.

For I was ne'er at ſick a fray,
ſince firſt my dame did rock my head,
For every thing doth gang aſtray,
I think there ſhall be no remead.

But all ſhall turn to wrack indeed,
I wiſh I had my plough-ſtilts keeped,
Let never better come of fead,
with that he ſat him down & weeped.

And o'er his cheeks the tears they creeped,
which oft he dighted with a clout;
Then upon the dyke-head he leaped,
and on the wife gave many a ſhout.

Who ſtill did ſteer her ſtots about,
and for her huſband took na care,
But at him did both laugh and flout,
indeed ſhe thought the ſport was rare.

While the poor man was in deſpair,
not knowing what to ſay or do,
For every thing did backward fair,
that he did put his hand unto.

But yet at length it chanced ſo,
the pleugh did louſe, the wife came hame,
The goodman ſaid, ye're welcome jo',
for of my trade I think great ſhame.

Your occupation take my dame.
Quoth ſhe, good-man, well may ye bruik,
What is the cauſe your hand is lame?
quoth he, the ſow, miſchief her choak,

Did get it in her teeth and ſhoak,
and eke the meikle branded cow,
Into my breech her horns did york,
and's made my buttocks fair I trow:

And now this charge I'll quit to you,
all controverſies let be ended;
Both corn and kiln is quite burnt throw,
what miſs is done cannot be mended.

Wherefore my dear, be not offended,
but tak your charge and I'll tak mine;
I wiſh that I had quite mitken'd it,
for now I drie both ſhame and pain.

Quoth ſhe, good-man, the fault was thine,
ye took my trade againſt my will;
Now after this do not repine,
but occupy your own with ſkill;

Since of my place you have your fill:
then do not boaſt I live at eaſe,
When forth you walk the pleugh until,
for now you know what drinkers dries.

Gae fetch me butter milk and cheeſe,
and let us eat and drink and gree.
Indeed good-wife, If it you pleaſe,
the ne er a crumb the ſow left me.

Good-man, quoth ſhe, how may this be,
that ev'ry thing is gone arear?
Good-wife, walk out and in, and ſee,
and then you will have cauſe to ſpear.

Quoth ſhe, good-man, Indeed I fear,
if you ſhould occupy this trade,
Within a quarter of a year,
our houſe will come to a ſmall ſtead.

Now when ye have thir lines all read,
and of the writer would have ſkill,
From the highway ye need not ſpeed,
but ſpear for Lady Ann's new miln.

FINIS.

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